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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MARCH 8, 1876.

NO. 9.

Original Poetry.

MISERABLE SNOW.

BY WM. LAMONT.

See the snow, the pitiless snow,
Driving and whirling wherever you go!
Meeting the traveler wherever he turns;
Pelted his face, till the flesh almost burns;
Flying and eddying everywhere,
Making the landscape dismal and drear.
Nothing at all can compare, that we know,
With horrible, gasty, dismal snow.

Oh, the dreary, miserable snow!
Making our spirits grow moody and low,
Wetting our feet, if we chance to go out,
Keeping us housed so we can't get about.
Snow bound, and wanting to visit a friend,
Patience herself, would her raven locks rend;
Nothing on earth, or the regions below,
Compares to the hateful, despicable snow.

See how it seeks out the cracks and the cracks,
Making us shudder, though little it tracks,
Finding the smallest imaginable space,
Filling the room in its maddening race;
Under the doorways, windows and all,
Sweeping through chimneys where knots couldn't
crawl.

Of all the vile plagues that old nature bestows,
There is none to compare to the miserable
snows.

Oh, the snow, the miserable snow!
Would it were millions of miles down below!
Here while we sit in a fit of the "blues,"
Longing and wanting to hear all the news,
Deeper and deeper it covers the ground,
Until at length we are really "snow bound";
Yet we are told with poetic glow,
There is something sublime in this horrible
snow!

Poets have sung of the "beautiful snow,"
Making it jingle and rhyme to and fro,
Singing its beauties in strains so sublime,
Painting it grand as a tropical clime;
Sitting at ease on a well cushioned chair,
Fire burning brightly and pleasant the air,
Then they can write anything they don't
know.

Concerning a fraud they dub beautiful snow.

Its grand to the rhymester, who sits by the fire
And thumb to its beauties the strings of his
lyre;

Its grand to the rich at their own fireside,
Who knows not a want but to have it supplied
Who can laugh at the storm as it passes along,
And answer its shriek with a light hearted
song;

But alas! to the poor, when the winter winds
blow,
There is little romance in the pitiless snow.

There is a poor woman in the Ken-
tucky blue-grass region whose family
increases very rapidly, (as families are
apt to do where parents have no means
of taking care of them properly,) but
they are so exquisitely beautiful that
people of means pay high premiums
for the privilege of adopting them. At
last accounts, the woman in question
has parted with five children at an av-
erage of \$250 each, and had contracted
for the delivery of three more, and not
one of the latter is yet born.

The *Glasgow Times* believes that
"there is one mystery that never will be
cleared up, and that is why there are
so many smart boy babies and so few
smart men."

The value of a good newspaper,
which has never been accurately de-
termined, is certain to be greater this
year than perhaps ever before. A
presidential contest, whose outlines can-
not yet be discerned, will engross pub-
lic attention in every section of the
country, while the progress of the Cen-
tennial Exhibition will furnish inter-
esting reading matter for the whole
world.—*Tribune.*

The walk on the Centennial
grounds are being covered with a
mixture of eight parts of pitch and
sixty-four of sand and gravel; a cheap
and durable cement.

Frederick Koneig was the inventor
power printing press. He was the son
of a small farmer at Eisleben, in Prus-
sian Saxony, where he was in 1774.—
Exchange.

What is the difference between a
hill and a pill? One is hard to get
down, and the other is hard to get
up.

Selected.

YOUNG MEN

And the Quicksand of Society.

BY L. T.

(Arcola (Illa) Record.)

The follies and extravagances of the
young men of the present generation,
and the dangers that beset their path-
way, is a subject of grave importance.
So much has been spoken of them by
able tongue, and written by powerful
pens—too often, alas! scorned and un-
heeded—that it is with doubtful heart
and trembling hand I by request com-
mend a subject of such importance to
them and to our christian community.
Ah! 'tis not the frivolities of fashion—
of which I have previously written—
that engage our attention here, but
our country's preservation; and who
that looks reflectively on the young
men "of to-day," can tell what it
will be to-morrow?

When I look out upon the broad
thorough-fare and behold the restless
through that, from morn till night, pass
and re-pass in the city streets,—each
bent on his own course, full of his own
cares, and with his own sins and sor-
rows locked in his bosom, while his
face often betrays his reckless, or per-
haps remorse or disappointment,—I
wonder at the thoughtlessness with
which so many young men rush on,
eager to grasp whatever this fleeting
life affords,—regardless of the warning
of friends, or the dangers that deck
their way in city life. Ah! how sad a
reflection on "the coming man," to
see among these so many youthful faces
prematurely ripening into maturer
crime! Yet so enticing are the flatter-
ing inlets that leap, with airline rapid-
ity, to the gulf of destruction; so absorb-
ing is the influence that surrounds them,
drawing them down—down to ruin,—
that they are deaf to the voice of warn-
ing till too late for their escape.

My dear young friend, pause in your
perilous course for a moment, and listen
to the voice of warning. Look down
on your flowery pathway and behold
the hidden death-streams beneath your
feet. See the horrid faces that glare
on you as you pass the bold, reckless
looks; the haggard, vagabond, forms;
the bloated face and staggering step
that invites your scorn and derision?
Al! these are examples of the depths
to which they lead companions in the
downward course; and the death-cry
of millions, already straggling in the quick-
sands of destruction, warn you of your
pending peril!

The popular places of amusement of
the day,—innocent as they are deemed
and essential to mental culture, are
too often fruitful sources of ruin. Ah
how little you dream of their absorbing
influence! How steadily it creeps up-
on you, with the gay and gifted
throng assembled there, you drink in
its flattering sweets, unconscious of the
bitter poison beneath, and that the
quicksands are gathering about your
feet! But the broken Sabbath and the
empty church pews tell a more solemn
tale; while a tortured death-bed, a flour-
ishing grave-yard, and a crowded hell,
wails the sad requiem of the followers
of such danger and illusive paths.
Now, of course you are morally dis-
posed and there are places you avoid,
while there are others—not quite Chris-
tially—which you feel safe to visit till
youth's follies are past. Ah, young
man! beware of the HIDDEN SNAKE!
In these lurk the most deadly perils.
The Devil is quite up with the times
in this day of invention, nor behind
them in discerning the cravings of a
restless humanity; so, in the snares
laid to entrap you, there is no lack of
variety, even for the most delicate
fastidious sensibility. To the broad
death-stream run many sparkling riv-
ulets where they gayly step in and
taste, with the flattering assurance that
they can return at will; but alas for
their delusion! Bewildered, they linger,
till satiated and sickened at last,
they turn toward the stepping-stone,
to find it has vanished, and instead,
rolls the merciless gulf. And, with
the dark waves of destruction boiling
up to their view, and the death-shriek
of the lost sounding in their ears, they
awake to the startling conviction that
they have unconsciously floated far
down into the submerging death-
stream, and their feet are already en-
gulfed in the creeping sands. In vain
they now cry for help; their only reply
is the derisive laughter of wild exult-
ant fiends as they sink forever. Ah,
how numerous, how enticing, how
fatal, are the snares laid for your inno-
cent feet!

One terrible trap, however, stands
foremost in all the glittering array.
It has stood for ages, and so sure is
its game—so fatal its effects, that con-
cealment is not essential—nay adver-
tisements jostle and batter each other
as they swagger noisily through the
streets. And the green folding doors
that open so softly o'er the inner thresh-
old of temptation—closing on so
many victims for eternity, tell of
quicksands numberless as their im-
measurable depths are treacherous and
insatiable. How I shudder as I pass
these fatal inlets that skirt the city
streets, and hear, behind the frail
screen, the gingle of glasses, the gurgle
of flowing poison, and the confusion
of oaths and angry, irrational voices,
that rend the air! But how sad is the
picture of "the coming man," as re-
presented in the youths who, with faces
that betray the ravages of the consum-
ing tide, mingle with the doomed
throng that enter there! Ah what
manhood is thus developed!

In a saloon window over the way
is perched a large, foreign bird,—very
natural in its majestic position and
array, but dead. I do not know why
it is thus placed on exhibition, but I
am forcibly struck with the perfection
by which the works within are typified
by the death-heads without. Truly
it looks as grandly beautiful as when,
with spreading wings and lofty beak,
it soars in freedom above its native
clouds; but closer observation discovers
the stiffened limbs, the shrunken,
sightless eyes, the ruffled plumage of
death. So it is with the young man
who visits that fatal bar. True, no
change is apparent, at first; his step
is as light, his manner as gay, and his
voice rings as merrily as when an inno-
cent school-boy, he drank with his
comrades from God's pure fount; but
the quicksands are doing their work,
and will finish it as surely as if, like
the poor innocent bird, he was shot
from his native heights and placed on
exhibition as a specimen of the skilled
marksmanship of his murderer. Ah!
a death-bed is a true type of the
rueful work; and so is a coffin; or a
picture of hell. And like the butcher
er, his victim hangs by his door, to
advertise his bloody profession.

No warning however is heeded when
once the habit of drinking is formed—
nay, they would cross that threshold
to get it, though their feet slipped in
the blood of saints, till their lips kissed
the unhallowed dust.

Oh how perilous your pathway!
how thoughtless you dance over the
flowery swamps till the quicksands are
about your feet! Young men of
America! representatives of our noble
Republic! remember your responsi-
bility as future governors of your coun-
try, whose prosperity, life—liberty
perhaps—depends on your strong and
steady arm! And oh! forget not, that
whether it is ruled to misery and ruin,
or prosperity and happiness, rests with
the purity of your hearts and lives,
and your God-given power, exercised,
to avoid the quicksands that surround
you in society.

Some business men would rather
sponge on a country fence than pay a
newspaper anything for advertising,
which is so true that it is enough to
make a printer crack himself on the
head with the "shooting stick," or
drawn his "devil" in the ink keg.
Some "business" men will walk through
the mud a whole day with an old paint
pot in their hands, daubing upon every
thing they come to: "GO TO SMITH'S
FOR YOUR LARD," when one soft dol-
lar would add several more lines and
put them in decent shape in any re-
spectable newspaper in the country.—
Doer (N. J.) Iron Era.

"It is not our fault," says a Mil-
waukee editor, "that we are redhead-
ed and small, and the next time that
one of those overgrown rural roosters
in a ball-room reaches down for our
head and suggests some fellow has lost
a rose-bud out of his button-hole, there
will be trouble."

"It don't take me long to make up
my mind, I can tell you!" said a conceit-
ed fool. "It's always so when the
stock of material to make up is small,"
quietly remarked a young lady.

Anna Dickinson says she has had
sensations in her head. There was a
girl in India once who said the same
thing and her mother went over her
head with a fine tooth comb every day
for about a week, and at the end of
that time she didn't feel even one more.

Deferred Communications.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

BY ELSIE.

What is it? Can it be the spirit of
air holding sweet commune with the
hearts of men? Or is it the alphabet of
angels, wherewith they write upon the
hills and plains the the mysteries of
truth divine? Is it an imitation from
the mind of God, by the sweet melody
of which he would draw all things to
Himself? Where shall we find it?
We have the magic symphonies of Un-
written Music reverberating through
the trees, swaying their branches by
its talismanic power, while it kisses
the sparkling dew-drops from the leaves;
unfolds the delicate petals of the rose,
the gem of Queen Flora's crown. The
music of her song calls forth the gay
flowers, the violets, the prim-rose, and
the shadowy grass by thousands burst
forth from their forest bowers, while
the ancient graves and fallen fanes are
veiled with wreaths of Druidical ivy
and graceful vines. By the same sor-
ceries, Unwritten Music, the virgin lily
steps forth in all her regal beauty, the
emblem of Purity and type of all that
is lovely beneath the throne of God.

Nature's bosom is full of Unwritten
Music. It is heard in the solitary by-
paths of the woods, it is echoed by
the deep blue sea—the swan's wild
note proclaims it, as well as the
dark fir branch when it clothes itself
in a softer green. The same musical
melody is heard when the crystal chains
that had so long bound the streams, and
fountains are rent in twain and the
flashing waters are dashing down from
the mountain brow flinging their spray
over hill and dale, rushing along to the
silver main, making such Unwritten
Music that we feel ourselves as it were
upon the ebbing and flowing sea of
melody.

As spring settles down on the lap of
summer, the music of Nature changes its
key. The Unwritten Music of sum-
mer breaks into bud and blossom at
every turn. Now we hear the music
of gigantic trees towering aloft inter-
laced with creeping vines; strong shrubs
of fanciful forms and huge dimensions,
while at their feet glitter thousands of
splendid flowers wherever fall the
gorgeous sunbeams. There stretches
the blue canopy of heaven as a dream-
like spectacle, unrelieved by a cloud,
save perchance a white downy mass of
vapor seems to sleep in semblance of
huge celestial temples of white. 'Tis
now, too, we catch the matin hymn of
countless songsters, or the hoarse cry
of savage beasts coming from a wilder-
ness of aromatic shrubs and gently
fluttering palm branches moved by the
winds of summer. The wind is a fit-
ful musician. You may go forth when
the tempest is up, and hear the strong
trees moaning as they lean before it,
and the long grass hissing as it sweeps
along with its magnetic power. But
the tornado bursts with appalling fury;
the rain pouring down in torrents;
masses of shrubbery swaying back
and forth in the light of fallen bolts; peal
on peal rebounding the poles, and
playing upon the trunks of trees, which
it uproots in its mighty course, as up-
on the strings of a Mammoth Lyre.

The soul in the storm may hand and
quiver, then rise again, but the oak
must shiver! The storm king departs,
and the Unwritten Music is like to the
muffled tread of the bier, and only the
drippings of the water which linger on
the leaves are heard in the awful still-
ness that succeeds the storm, the sun
breaks through the clouds, filling the
forest aisles with light; myriad jewels
glitter on every side, the little choris-
ters sing their vespers hymn; the sun is
set, the summer day is closed! The
deep hush of Nature is so solemn that
we feel like laying a finger upon the
lips of Creation to prevent a distur-
bance! There is a melancholy music
in autumn! The leaves float sadly
about with a look of peculiar desola-
tion, moaning capriciously in the wind,
falling with just an audible sound that
is a very sigh for its sadness. There
is no sound of simple Nature that is not
music. It is all God's work! The thin
fleece clouds have a melody all their
own, and they float on the light
wind's wings, now resting an instant,
then glancing by in their fickle wan-
derings, at times assuming fantastic
shapes of ruined castles or time-worn
towers, they gather in beautiful and
glorious forms around the path of the
descending sun, now hide the deep blue
firmament or show a silver rim be-
tween their folds, like a jeweled coro-

nal that binds the brow of a fair young
queen. Where can we find music so
melancholy sweet as the Unwritten
Music of autumn?

Again, listen to the soft soothing
music of winter. The unobtrusive and
sweet music of the falling snow. Its
low murmur will temper the heart to
its earnest moods, and only obtrude
itself upon the ear when thought comes
languidly and realizes our dreams of
another world, where music is intuitive
and all unwritten. The frost too has
a melodious minstrelsy. Its crystals will
shoot in the dead of night, as if moon-
beams were splintering like arrows up-
on the ground, and it certainly is one
of most cunning and beautiful of
Nature's deep mysteries. We gaze on
its exquisite beauty, listen in mute
wonder to the noise of its invisible
workmanship, but the inquisitive eye
of the Philosopher has never yet pene-
trated the arcana or handled the tools of
its Master Architect! Music, volumes
of Unwritten Music lie upon the white
bosom of winter. Before the keen
frosts, and while yet the warm winds
are stealing back like regrets of the de-
parted summer, will come a heavy
mist, followed by a north wind, when
drops will be suspended like ear-rings
between the filaments of the cedar
tassels, and in the feathery edges
of the dark green hemlock, and all be
frozen like well set gems. Then listen
to the fairy-like music, as the
noontide sun loosens the close touch
that sustained them, causing them to
fall at the slightest motion. Thus one
who goes out in Nature with his heart
open, will always be consoled by its
Unwritten Music, which fills the
universe at each and every season of
the year. For the world is full of
music, the air is alive with its spirit,
and the heavenly spheres sing together
as the morning stars.

THE POWER OF THE WILL.

BY T. E. RICHEY.

When Peter the Great was casting
his eye over his vast empire in quest of
a site for a capitol he fixed upon a
marsh half under water and without
wood, stone, or clay suitable for build-
ing material; with a soil almost desti-
tute of vegetation and a climate re-
sembling the poles in severity. He
observed a mark high up on one of the
miserable trees scattered here and
there, "What means this mark?" he
inquired of a peasant near by.

"It is the height to which the water
rose, Sir," replied the man adding the
date (for he remembered well the suf-
ferings of the poor at the time).

"You lie!" roared the Czar, and
seizing an ax cut the tree down with
his own hands that the memorial which
it bore might not discourage the build-
ers already about to begin their work.

Amid all the discouraging surround-
ings the workmen labored with a zeal
that bid defiance to difficulties. The
lands were drained, the foundations
of the buildings were placed many feet
below the surface, and St. Petersburg,
which had been doomed by the prophe-
cies of all, became a splendid city
adapted for commerce with all the
world. It vies with any city in Europe
in greatness and grandeur.

A recent writer pertinently remarks
that "a man with energies less marvel-
ous than Peter's would have despaired
of converting that filthy morass, where
now mighty mansions and tall spires
greet the eye, into an object of beauty."

Here though was the secret of his
success and it should teach us all a les-
son. But for Peter's indomitable de-
termination the site of St. Petersburg
would still have been a filthy pond.
But he had a will which would admit
of great enterprises which have suc-
ceeded. It was an unwavering determi-
nation of purpose which carried Na-
poleon across the Alps. It was un-
conquerable zeal which gave victory to
the arms of Wellington. It was pa-
tient untiring purpose of heart which
crowned the arms of Titus, of Alex-
ander and of Saladin with victory. It
has been this same spirit which has el-
evated most all great men to eminent
positions in the world. A thousand
examples might be cited, but the labor
were useless. There is really no great-
ness to be obtained except by a deter-
mined will; on the other hand, there
is scarcely any man who may not at-
tain to greatness of one kind or another
if he have the will—the unwavering
determination of purpose. Let the
reader make a note of this fact and en-
deavor to profit thereby.

MASON CREEK, Ky.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Weeks	Week	Months	Months	Months	Year
One...	\$ 1.00	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 2.50	\$ 7.50
Two...	1.7	2.50	4.00	7.50	10.00
Three	2.50	3.50	5.00	10.00	15.00
Four...	3.00	5.00	7.50	12.50	20.00
Col	4.0	6.00	8.00	15.00	25.00
Col	6.00	8.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
Col	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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One inch of space constitutes square.

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PLAIN
Gold Rings





Common Sense in Plowing.

Teams drawing heavy loads on the roads get a breathing spell on the descending ground, while in plowing is the same from morning till night. There is a certain number of pounds that a team can draw from day after day and not weary them, but if more be added, even as little as fifteen or twenty pounds, they walk unsteadily, fret and soon tire. No amount of feeding will keep them in good condition. I have many plows in use on which it is an easy matter to decrease the draft twenty-five pounds and if men had been drawing them instead of horses it would have been done. It must be plain to the farmer that every pound taken from the draft of the plow is so much gained for the horse. It may be done in this way: For any soil except sand or gravel use a steel plow. The cost is but little more, and the draft enough less to pay the difference in plowing twenty acres. In plowing sod the colter does a great deal of the work, and should be kept sharp by forging at the blacksmith's, and grinding every day if necessary. Of course it will wear out sooner, but new colters are cheaper than new teams. Set the colter in a line with the plow, the edge square in front, with an angle of forty-five degrees from the point to where it is attached to the beam. When the share gets worn out it is poor economy to use it any longer, but replace it with a new one. Let the traces be as short as will allow the horses to walk without hitting their heels against the whiffletrees; and have just pressure enough of the wheels on the ground to make the plow run steady. If the handles crowd continually one way, the draft is not right, and, if the plow be a good one, it can easily be remedied at the clevis. To prevent the horses stepping over the traces in turning, fasten a weight of about three-fourths of a pound on the outside of each singletree—that is, on the right end when you turn to the left, and vice versa. Every observing farmer knows that horses are susceptible of kindness, and equally so to unkindness. I have seen horses that were working steadily made reckless with sweat in a short time by a sharp word or a jerk at the bit. Let your horses do their work as you do yours, as easily as possible, and be as willing to overlook their mistakes as you would the mistakes of human beings.

Pumpkins for Cows.

From a peck of seed dropped and covered in the gaps of cornfield, a dairy of 9 cows has been kept up to summer milking and the quality of the butter issued—excellent, and six heifer calves raised from the above are fat as moles. The cows are fatter, too, than a majority of the cattle slaughtered. These cows have been making about six pounds of butter per week, besides supplying new milk and cream for a gentleman's house with sixteen inmates. The pumpkins are chopped up in mangers with a spade, morning, noon, and night, and about a half a bushel each time when cut in pieces. They eat while being milked, morning and night, and they come to the yard and go into the stable for half an hour at noon. Beets, carrots, and some other roots and small ears of corn will follow, so as to keep up the milk during winter.—*Country Gentleman.*

Exposing Potatoes.

It is a great mistake, says the *Indiana Farmer*, in handling potatoes to allow them to be exposed to the sun, especially when the potatoes are tender. In digging have baskets of convenient size at hand, and, as fast as you can dig, put in barrels and cover up; transfer them fresh to market or to room where they may be emptied out upon a floor to dry in the shade. Potatoes exposed to a hot sun when packed in barrels and shipped will speak and rot; oftentimes the shipper will lose an entire shipment, and besides, the consumer will find such potatoes stale and frequently tinged with a bitter taste.

A valuable suggestion.

A gentleman who lives on Dix River, in Lincoln county, and who always raises a good crop of fine, large head cabbage, says that he has never been able to do it without applying a heavy lot of wood ashes to his ground when the plants were put out. He says that a wagon load of such manure to every one hundred square feet, will insure a fine yield.—*Standard.*

Fattening Fowls.

In the best process of fattening fowls the first care should be to allow them as little room as can be—just enough for the number to stand up, but not enough for anything like exercise. If four are allowed the same space that would serve for a dozen they will not fatten as soon or as readily; therefore a space of the fattening coop should be divided off, and this should allow them only room enough to stand. The food for fowls intended to be fattened should be ground oats mixed with skim milk, this feed should be given them three times a day, and mixed to such consistency that when it is spread on a board it will not run off. We have fed ground corn and oats with good results, mixed to the same consistency. If fowls are fed with regularity—no cramming is needed—they will fatten in two or three weeks' time. Fowls fed on corn alone will not fatten as well as on the food we have mentioned.

Hints on Milking Cows.

A man who had done his own milking employed a boy to do it; he shrunk the milk one-third in two weeks. The owner resumed the milking, and in two weeks got the same as before. Afterwards he set a hired man to milk, and he shrunk the milk ten per cent. in two weeks, and in two weeks more, the owner milking again, as much as before. This man does the work quickly and milks very clean. He closes the forefinger and thumb around the teat high up, and makes a downward motion, tightening the grip and forces out the milk: then lets go his hold, keeping the finger and thumb in circle, carries up the hand and presses it smartly against the udder and closes until done. The philosophy, if any, is to give, as may be, the same motion that the calf does sucking.

Bee Stings.

A writer in the *American Bee Journal*, speaking of the spirits of turpentine as a remedy for the bee sting, says: I find it the most efficient remedy I can use. One drop will be sufficient to deaden the pain of an ordinary sting, and stop the swelling, if at once applied. If stung around the neck or mouth so much that the poison reaches the stomach, a few drops taken in oil will give immediate relief.

The hands are most exposed.

(as all beekeepers should own a good bee hat,) consequently a nose or vein is often stung. In such a case extract the sting at once, apply the turpentine to the wound, bathe the wrist, the elbow and the under part of the arm with the same, and in a few moments you will feel no inconvenience. I have used it over ten years and always found it reliable.

A market gardener of Lake county, Ill., says that he has the most remarkable success in the use of salt upon his tomato plants.

He applies it at various times during the season, and in every case the effect is marked in the increased growth of both plants and fruit. In some cases he lays the roots of backward plants bare, sprinkling them with a tablespoonful of ordinary barrel salt, and covers with soil. Plants ordinarily treated this way take an immediate start and develop fine fruit.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The following for lemon pie we know to be very superior, having tasted its fruits in our own family: Beat well the yolks of 6 eggs, then add 2 cupsful of sugar, 2 lemons grated, and a tablespoonful of corn starch, then beat again, after which stir in 2 cupsful of sweet milk; divide the above into two pies and bake, while baking, beat thoroughly the whites of the eggs with a cupful of fine pulverized sugar to a froth, then, when the pies are done and taken from the oven, spread the sugar and eggs over top and put back in the oven to brown; if the oven is sufficiently hot, one or two minutes will be sufficient to brown the tops.

GINGER-SNAPS.—One pint of baking molasses, one pound of sugar, one quarter pound of lard, one-half ounce of ginger, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Work the lard, molasses, and sugar together, and add flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out thin, cut with a round cake cutter, and bake quickly.

CORN BREAD.—One egg, half cup sugar, 1 pint milk; thicken with sufficient corn meal to make a stiff batter; bake 35 or 40 minutes.

INDIAN POUND CAKE.—Two cups corn meal, 1 cup wheat flour, 2 cups sugar, 5 eggs, 1 cup butter; season with nutmeg and cinnamon; bake three quarters of an hour.

WASHING TO STIFFEN FINE LACE.—Dissolve a lump of sugar in a wine-glass full of cold water.

A little pipe clay dissolved in hot water cleans very dirty linen with half the soap required without it.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Louisville, Paducah & Southwestern.	
The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and arrives at	
Cecil Junction at	11:25 a. m.
Grayson Springs at	12:35 p. m.
Leitchfield at	12:45 "
Millwood at (Dinner)	1:05 "
Beaver Dam at	2:50 "
Rockport at	3:20 "
Owensboro Junction at	3:47 "
Grenville at	4:07 "
Nortonville Junction at	5:00 "
Paducah at	9:00 "

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at Nortonville Junction at 7:45 a. m. It leaves at 9:02 a. m. for Cecil Junction at 9:23 a. m. for Rockport at 9:55 a. m. for Beaver Dam at 10:25 a. m. for Leitchfield at 12:27 p. m. for Grayson Springs at 12:50 p. m. for Big Clifty at (Dinner) 1:55 p. m. for Cecil Junction at 4:35 p. m. for Louisville at 4:55 p. m.

Hartford is connected with the railroad at Beaver Dam by stage line twice a day.

Three trains connect with Elizabethtown at Cecil Junction, with Owensboro at Owensboro Junction, and with Evansville, Henderson and Nashville at Nortonville.

D. F. WHITCOMB, Superintendent.

Knoxville, Owensboro & Nashville.

The Mail and Accommodation trains are run by the following time-table:

MAIL.	
Leaves	Arrives
Owensboro at	5:40 a. m.
Sutherland's at	6:08 "
Crow's at	6:16 "
Lewis' at	6:28 "
Riley's at	6:40 "
Tichenor's at	6:52 "
Livermore D. at	7:04 "
Island at	7:16 "
Stroud's at	7:28 "
S. Carrollton at	7:48 "
Owensboro Jun. at	8:00 "
Leaves	Arrives
Owensboro at	2:25 p. m.
Sutherland's at	2:53 "
Crow's at	3:01 "
Lewis' at	3:13 "
Riley's at	3:25 "
Tichenor's at	3:37 "
Livermore D. at	3:49 "
Island at	4:01 "
Stroud's at	4:13 "
S. Carrollton at	4:33 "
L.P. & S.W. Dep. at	5:10 "

Trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

R. S. TRIPLETT, Gen'l Manager.

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MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Andrew Crow's Adm'r. Plaintiff, vs. Andrew Crow's Heirs, Defts. Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Crow, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Kentucky, on or before the 15th day of April, next.

E. R. MURRELL, M. C. O. C. C.

a-43-m

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We do not like to blow our own trumpet so we have engaged our printer to do it for us. The likeness is strikingly, if not entirely accurate. It will be noticed that he is blowing very hard, so much so that the photographer became alarmed for his personal safety, fearing that the printer might burst asunder and demolish everything within range, but the printer assured him that he could not blow on Tracy & Son's work too hard. They could stand a great deal of wind, and in that he was right. If our work will not bear examination we would not want it talked about.

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